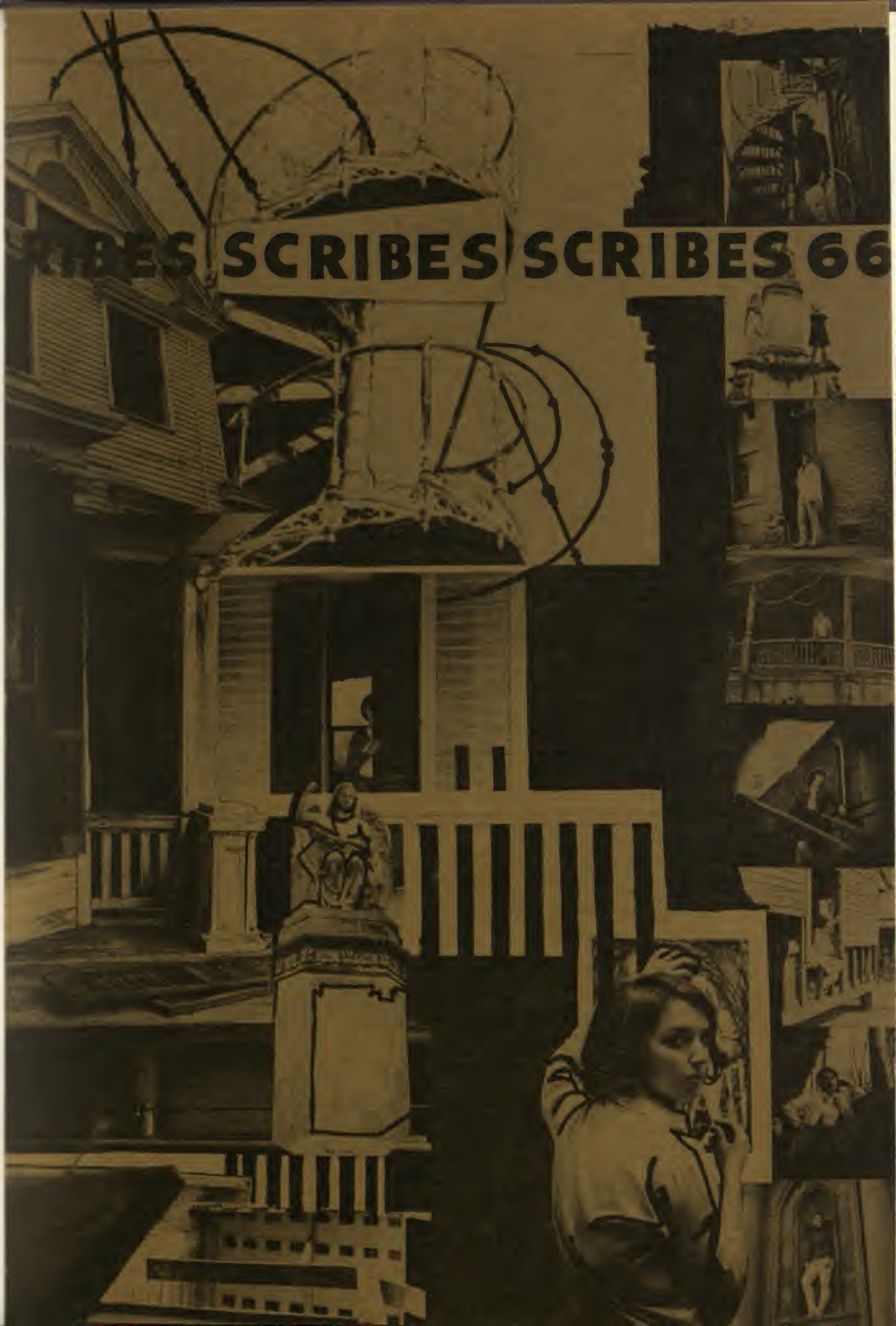


THE SCRIBES SCRIBES 66



SCRIBES' I.



THE WESLEYAN MAGAZINE OF CREATIVE ARTS

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Inside front cover: Fashionable Illustration of Nameless Faces,
 an engraving on plastic 17½"x13¼"
 by Louise Marchman

COVER: Collage by Nanci Williams

Photographs in this issue by Nanci Williams

*My thanks to all who have helped with the magazines
 this year, especially Nanci Williams.*

Louise Marchman,
 editor, 1965-66



Kay Stripling,
elected in 1965



Connie Bazemore,
elected in 1965



Alice Ferrell,
elected in 1965



Lynn Burnett,
elected in 1965

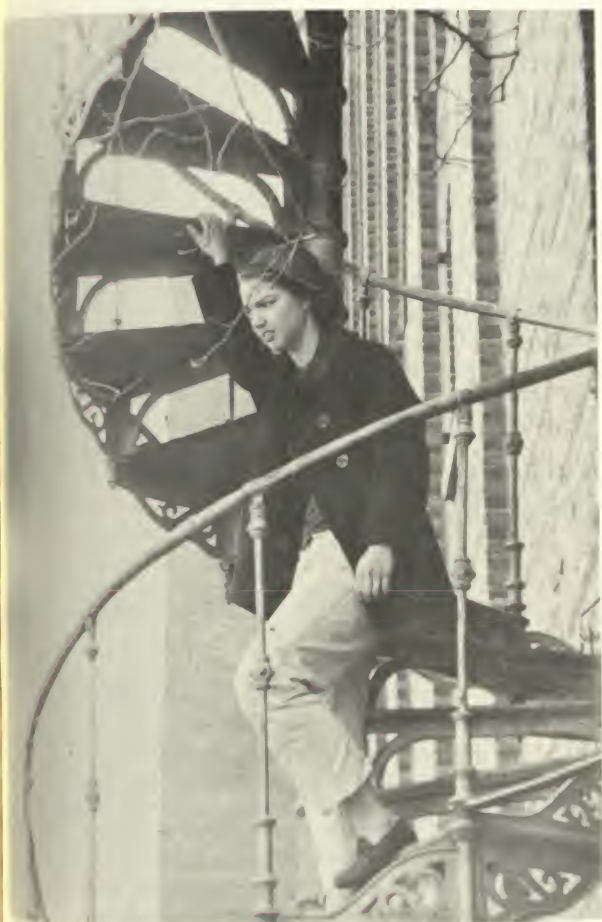
Before 1941 the Scribes were honored in each issue of the Wesleyan Magazine by simply having their own page of poetry. In 1941 the staff began the official Scribes' Issue, one magazine dedicated to the presentation of the work of those students who have been outstanding in their interest and support of the magazine. The honorary literary society has continued through the years, some years with only a few members, other years with fifteen or more, and the addition of honorary Scribes, usually faculty members, from time to time.



Nanci Williams,
elected in 1965



Marcel Dworet,
elected in 1963

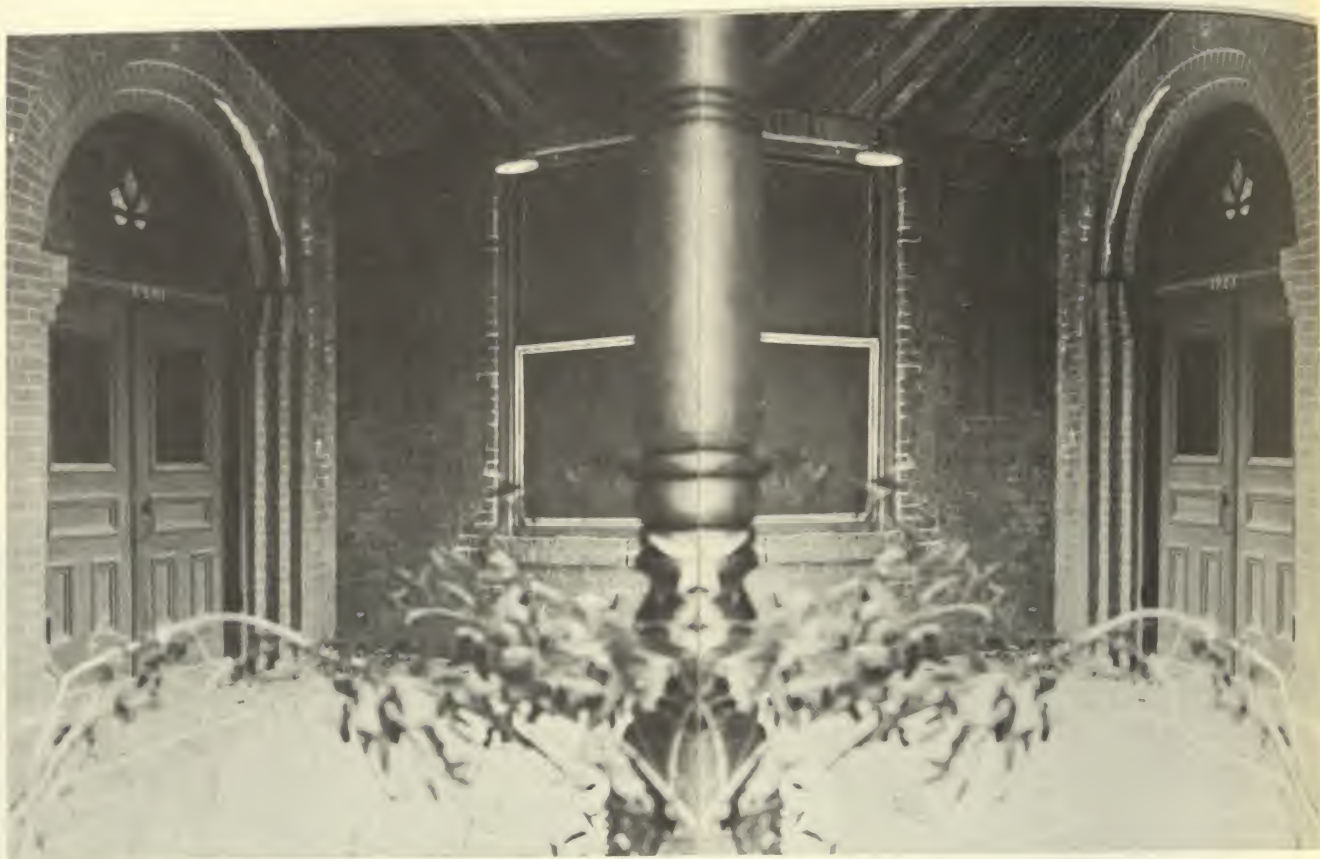


Louise Marchman,
elected in 1963



Suzanne Spence,
elected in 1965

This year there were only eight Scribes, all seniors except junior Lynn Burnett, but there was enough material to fill a magazine. Because of the small number of members, they were anxious to recognize more contributors as Scribes. The new Scribes for 1966 are: Senior Cheryl Dunn, Juniors, Dot Ogden, Judy Ragland, Sophomores, Ann Almand, Mary Abbott Waite, Freshmen, Joyce Cater, Susan Lutters, Carol Payne. The Scribes are especially pleased with the selection of an honorary faculty Scribe, Edward Krickel. The magazine is fortunate to have had his work included in the winter, 1966 issue.



the prisoner

The last thing he remembered was the bathroom floor cold against his face.

Now he was lying in the center of a dome-like crypt of grayness that resolved around his numb body like the inside of a giant top coming to a halt. He looked into the gray mist from eyes that seemed to have awakened from an eternity of indifferent nothingness, and he wondered if he were dead . . . if this silent limbo was, after all, death itself. The thought did not disturb him, and he was vaguely surprised that he felt no fear, no dread, no emotion at all . . . only a calm resignation to the churning mist.

But the mist was beginning to fade, slowly, almost imperceptibly, and he became aware of shadowy shapes to the front and sides of him with dim walls behind. Rolling his eyes upward, he saw the corner of a ceiling, yellow and broken by small spidery cracks in the plaster. He stared at it until his eyes began to ache. Then he let them drop until they fell on the ghostly whiteness of what he soon realized was a sheet spread over his legs. As he watched the motionless white surface broken only by the knoll-like protrusions of his legs underneath, he listened intently in the silence. His head was pounding with a deep pulsating rhythm, louder and loud-

er until he felt engulfed by the sound. When he raised his eyes again, the mist was gone, and he saw that the dim shapes were furniture: a rocking chair, a bureau, and near the bed a table with a blue and white ash tray sitting in the middle. He moved his eyes slowly around the room until they reached the slab of watery light that was the window. The light pierced like a hot needle into the back of his skull, and he shut his eyes hard. It was several minutes before he dared to open them again. When he did, he saw that the blinds were half-closed and that there were curtains with large purple flowers on them. He blinked and looked again at the ceiling, then back to the curtains. The feeling suddenly arose in him that somewhere he had seen such curtains and such flowers long ago. He tried to remember, tried to thrust into the void of his mind, but there was nothing, only a whirling galaxy of blackness. His head felt as if a piece of steel had been driven into it, and he could do nothing but let it lie heavily on the pillow.

He lay that way for a long time, minutes, hours, he didn't know. But it didn't matter anyway because the room was still there and he was still inside of it. The semi-darkness was a

comforting womb, warm and fluid, and he wanted never to open his eyes again. From the outside he heard a car pass through a puddle on the street, and the sound of its tires reverberated round and round in his consciousness, lulling him into a trance-like sleep. He knew that he should try to remember something, anything, but he was too tired, too tired to remember.

He squinted his eyes suddenly and opened them wide. To his right he saw a rectangular patch of light, and as he watched it, it grew into a doorway and a woman was standing in front of it. He watched her as she entered and walked hesitantly across the room. When she was within a few feet of the bed, she stopped abruptly and he saw her hand fly to her mouth. His heart was beating faster now and he could feel his mind groping, trying to understand. Who was she? And why was she surprised to find him here? The mist was beginning to swirl in the room again, and he wanted her to leave and stop staring down at him with that awful questioning look in her eyes. But she kept standing there in silence, rubbing her hands together nervously. By now the effort of holding his eyelids open had become unbearable, and he let them close, but he could hear the woman as she moved closer, the nervous movement of her hands rasping on his ears like the scraping of a metal file. Suddenly she spoke. At first he did not comprehend the half-whispered syllables, but at last he realized that she had asked him if he were awake . . . and she had called him Frank. Frank? She must be crazy! Why did she call him that? And why couldn't she leave him alone? Now she was leaning over him and she repeated the question more loudly this time. Her breath hit his face and he smelled the sour odor of cigarettes. It made him feel sick. Sweat was gathering on his upper lip, and he felt as if the deadly whiteness of the outspread sheet were pinning him down, down into the bed. Opening his eyes in desperation, he searched for the familiar cracks in the yellow ceiling, and at the same time he heard the woman's sharp intake of breath. He did not dare to lower his eyes until he heard her turn and walk quickly to the door. She stopped when she reached the doorway and glanced again at his bed. Then she was gone.

Once more the room was dim. He tried to relax, but his mind was quivering with strange, bright patterns of light. The woman had disturbed him. It was as if he had seen her face many times before, yet he could not remember when. He only felt a strange prickle of recognition and at the same time an indefinite feeling of something . . . he didn't know exactly what. He rolled his eyes around the room frantically. Somewhere a clock was ticking. He had not heard it before, this clock whose steady ticking seemed to push its way into every pore of his body, unnerving him with its insistence. Suddenly he wanted to know what time it was. It was late; it must be late. And he couldn't stay in this room all day. He must force himself to move, to leave now while the woman was gone and before anyone else came in.

The questions were crowding him and he was frightened of trying to find an answer. Why couldn't he remember where he was, who he was, and why had she called him Frank? Even the clock ticked "why" "why," but as he lay there in the dim room with its dim shapes that were now crouching enemies waiting to close in on him, he had no answers. He only knew that he must get away from this prison with its hideous white sheets and its purple flowered curtains.

With a sudden surge of strength, he decided to try to lift himself from the bed. His body felt leaden, but he knew he could move if he concentrated hard enough. Beginning to breathe calmly, he forced his mind to think only of moving his body. Again and again he tried to move one foot, then the next, and finally only his toes. There was no response, no sensation . . . nothing. But he could not give up now. Maybe his arms would move, if even a fraction of an inch. He tried again, silently begging his muscles to respond. But he could already feel the strength shuddering out of him bit by bit, and he knew that he had failed. He sank back into the sheets, trembling from exhaustion. He wanted to weep and scream, to do anything except lie helplessly chained within his own body. The strange dream-like patterns of thought were exploding like sharp fragments inside of him now. His mind was on fire, but his body was dead. Could this be real, or an illusion from which he would awaken tomorrow, next week, or next month? And still the thoughts came, thoughts of a white picket fence with pine trees in front of it and a woman wearing a green polka dot dress, and fields with summer sunlight spread over them. They were rambling thoughts with no meaning, but they had possession of him and he could not shake them off.

He could hear children outside, laughing and shuffling their feet on the sidewalk. Their laughter became louder, reached a high point of intensity, then receded into the distance as they continued down the street. So many children. And what were they doing walking by his window, interrupting his thoughts? The light from the window blinds fell in elongated strips on the opposite wall. It was afternoon. He could tell by the slanted light on the wall. He remembered that when he was a boy, afternoon always meant that school was out. And these children, it must mean the same thing for them, too. He remembered walking home from school one hot afternoon. The road had been dusty, and he could hardly wait to reach the white picket fence of his front yard and feel the welcome shade of the pine trees; and his mother was sitting on the front porch in a green polka dot dress waiting for him as she did every afternoon. The scene jumped before his mind so vividly that he was shocked by its intensity. Somehow the rambling thoughts had been connected into a wholeness. It was like a door opening into a light-filled, spacious room, and he waited anxiously for more memories, but there were no more, only that one vibrant scene.

The strips of light on the far wall were beginning to dim and he knew that night would soon come with its dark, interminable hours waiting to be borne in silence. He heard voices outside the door and a few moments later it opened softly. There were two people silhouetted against the light this time, the woman and another man. They stood there whispering and nodding their heads, and he strained to hear what they were saying. The man looked toward him and made a short gesture with his hand, then walked into the room and over to the bed while the woman turned on a nearby lamp. They both stood looking down at him, the woman at the foot of the bed and the other man at his right side. He knew who the strange man was now because he could see the black leather bag he was carrying and smell the antiseptic odor when he opened it and placed it on the table by the bed. The man was asking something, but he didn't remember what it was. He was watching instead the alien hands take instruments out of the bag with a deep feeling of fear. It was a familiar fear; he had felt it once before. He remembered the white hands removing the stethoscope as the impersonal voice told him that he should start slowing down, getting more rest, and working fewer hours. And he could remember his own voice too, telling the doctor that it was impossible to slow down now, when he had almost reached the position that he had wanted for so long. But what position was it that had been so important to him then?

Now the doctor was shining a light into his face and peering deeply into his eyes. He gritted his teeth and waited for the examination to end. At last, when the doctor finished his probing, he motioned the woman outside. She flipped off the lamp, followed him out, and the door closed behind them as silently as it had opened. The room was now completely dark, and he could feel the night settling over him like a cold, black tide. He stared wide-eyed into the darkness, wanting his mind to return to the doctor's office, but instead he saw his mother again. This time she was not sitting on their front porch. She was angry with someone and her hands were clenched tightly at her side. The expanding memory stirred some painful recognition within him and he tried to make it go away. But now there was someone else in it, the strange woman who had called him Frank. He could see her looking at his mother with tears in her eyes, still rubbing her hands together nervously. He could not understand why his mother could be talking to her like that, to some woman who did not even know his right name. But the remembrance of the woman crying softly worried him, and he was glad when the memory went away. Once more he thought about his mother, seeing the way she had looked that afternoon when he had walked into her room and had told her that he had a job with the best law firm in town. And she had said that she wanted to see him president of that firm someday, so that he could make something of himself as his father had never been able to do. Then he had promised to do

it, to do anything to make her happy, just as he had always promised when he was a child. But why had she been angry with the woman? Again and again his mind returned to the same question, until no longer able to struggle against the growing weariness, his heavy limbs pulled him down into the still sheets and he felt sleep creeping over him.



The sound of the curtains flapping against the open window awakened him. It was morning. The air blowing through the window was fresh and cool and somewhere he could hear a dog barking. As he looked out of the window, he told himself that it must happen today. He must escape from this prison to the shady yard with the pine trees and the picket fence. His mother would be waiting for him on the porch, and he would go inside and never have to see this room again. She would want to know where he had been all this time, and he would have a hard time explaining to her because he did not know either. She had never liked for him to go away without telling where he was going.

He was still planning what he would say when he became aware of a car stopping outside. There was a scurry of feet beyond the doorway, and a few seconds later the door was opened by several men in white, carrying a stretcher. As they approached the bed, he looked at them in disbelief, almost afraid to hope. Could they have come for him, to take him away at last? They were coming closer and closer, and now they were bending over him. He watched them as they lifted his body from the bed and placed him on a stretcher. He was leaving, leaving at last! As they carried him out of the room, he looked up at their faces to thank them for taking him away from this nightmare, but they were looking straight ahead, not down at him.

They were nearing the front door, and the woman was standing there wiping her eyes with a wrinkled handkerchief. They stopped when they reached her side and she leaned down, took his hand, and told him not to worry. He wanted to laugh. No worry. He was leaving this place and he never felt better. She had called him Frank again, too, but there was no time to worry about that either because they were through the doorway and out into the bright sunlight. From the corner of his eye he could see the children playing across the street. He remembered how they had laughed yesterday as they passed underneath his window, and he wondered why they weren't in school. But it was probably Saturday, and most children played on Saturday. They were throwing a ball back and forth, running and shouting just as he had

done on those Saturdays when his mother would let him play with the rest of the children. He could see her now, watching from the porch while he romped in the yard with the others to see that he did not get his clothes dirty or get hurt by the other boys. Because she was watching, he would always try to get the ball first, to show her that he could play as well as any of the others. And then he would begin to run down the road away from the porch, laughing and clutching the ball in his hands while the other children ran after him trying to take it away. Now he could hear his mother's voice calling him from the porch, angry yet pleading. Calling for him to come back . . . calling his name . . . Frank, come back Frank. All at once the sunlight was blinding and the children's voices across the street blocked out all other sounds. Now he remembered . . . Frank. His name was Frank. And he knew who the woman was now. She was his wife. She had been crying, and now he wanted to go to her and tell her that he had not meant to make her cry, not just now and not the other time when his mother had been so angry and he had stood by, not daring to say anything. But the men in white were still carrying him away. He had to make them stop and take him back, back to his wife and the room with the cracked ceiling. He looked at the blank faces above him, forming the plea with his silent lips. They must stop, please make them stop!

He saw the ambulance looming before him, its doors opened and waiting. It was too late. He was inside, the doors were closed, and the hated smell of doctor's offices and hospitals washed over him. He knew where he was going now, and it had no pine trees or green fields, only muted footsteps in the corridors and strangers in white. Another prison, but there would be no escape from this one. If only his mother were here. She would take him back home where he belonged, where he wanted so desperately to go. Why didn't she come, why didn't she know that he needed her more than ever now? But suddenly he remembered another time when he had seen the ambulance waiting in front of the house. The sun had been blinding on that day too, but no children had been playing, or if they had, he could not remember. All he could see was the white drawn face of his mother as they carried her out of the house, and he had known that they would never bring her back again.

His thoughts were interrupted by the sound of the motor starting, and as he looked up he could see the houses slowly slipping away through the small square windows over his head. He stared at the patch of blue sky over the passing roof tops, letting his mind slowly become blank. Even when the ambulance came to a halt and he heard them opening the door, he kept staring at the windows because nothing mattered anymore. He understood his prison now . . . and knew that it extended far beyond any room with four walls and indifferent ceiling.

— Kay Stripling



No night rain's wind could ever make me think
Of you again. No owl conjures the past
From leaden dusk and clock-spooned hours held fast
In silent webs grown wide as evenings shrink.
I need no sleep as stone to break the link
Between each hoarded pearl from daylight's wound
Of weeping flesh beneath the ticking's pound.
My freedom's clean as polished zinc.

Outside the rain has stopped its hollow walk
Upon the fallen leaves. Drops teeter on
The ledge to grin into the window grates
As one prepares with steady hand to caulk
The seams of mind's rent walls alone,
While down the darkened hall the room awaits.

—Kay Stripling



SEEKING WARMTH IN JANUARY

THE DAY IS BRIGHT
AND BEAUTY FLOATS ON MANY AN AFTERNOON'S DREAM
BUT DARK BRINGS QUIET
AND ONE CAN HEAR HEARTBEATS IN THE NIGHT.

NEEDING YOU ARE
AND FAR BEYOND LONELINESS.
CARING I AM
AND NEED, AH YES
I TOO, HAVE MUCH TO SHARE . . .

THE DAY IS BRIGHT, LOVE
BUT BRING ME YOUR NEED IN THE NIGHT.

—STS





Another year ends

And for me

It ties the knot that seals a parcel of my life

I've been trying to fill for some time now.

I'm convinced the most beautiful parts of me are contained therein,

Hope they're ready for it

Before it's going.

—Bebe Ferrell

America, America
 One word, 3000 miles long
 with 50 syllables.
 America, America,
 Dying on foreign beachheads
 to leave her own unmarred.
 America America,
 a prototype for the world
 made from foreign pieces.
 America, America,
 a dream fulfilled
 through the sweat and blood of those past,
 preserved by those of present,
 secure in the hope of those to come.
 A great lady,
 raising her lamp beside a Golden door.
 Her flame is hidden
 by the smoke of burning draft cards.

—Bebe Ferrell

DIALOGUE

Light my cigarette (the flame brightening
the dark stage.
And sit in the deep red velvet prop chair
with your legs slung over the arms)
laugh (softly)
so as not to disturb the actors.

It is time for your cue, but do not go yet;
you have a little time.

But so little

I want to talk (and watch
your eyes brighten
and soften
as you listen to backstage soundings).

I am losing my chess game with . . .

o, it is time. go quickly.

I am going.

(your back is not straight
anymore. Is it so bad,
your life? I want you.
Now. let us go, and look
at the moss on a hundred trees.
but, god, it is not I to whom
your vows were given.
I accept it. So is love still
so wrong?)
o, are you back already?
was it real out there?

no.

I was going to tell you . . .

(There is no escape now.
No way to interrupt)

I am dying.

(Silence softly
pain.) how long?

Perhaps a year.

And there is nothing
to do, no way.
So goddamn little time.

o no. I am ready
and a second is
very long.

I must go. the play
is almost over, and i
have work to do.
(I cannot let you see me cry)

I will hold my back very
straight as I walk,
and in a while
you can very casually
scream.



UMBRELLA SHED

An umbrella shed over me,
Tightly down while wind pushes
Under the covering
where just between the ground
and my shed I collect
the sounds I had been
straining to hear:
Rubbersole shoes
taffy-pulling the red mud,
Twigs cracking as loud as
a timber crash—
Too close,
I quicky jump to the grass.

—Louise Marchman

NATIVITY

Nerves lay insensate, burned out
 remnants from spindle armed trunks
 bearing imprisonment in gray earth,
 winter-stamped, puckered
 into immovable, pasted passion
 as I sat, ground cold to skin,
 sky steel-lidded over church warmed thoughts.
 Gilled by icy backdrop of austere Birth,
 I heard no hymns from scudding birds.
 Steel trees clanged in cloudy silence,
 indifferent chords to ageless hope.

Rain fell onto skin and washed
 me down to earth as wet I sank
 into fire banked dumbness
 feeling dirt as most welcome blanket
 grasped in elemental sleep.
 Dryness under lucid lights a waste,
 witness a death too pure to kill,
 I stuck earth to me in longing
 and cried to trees for grace.

Then in songs of dying moments,
 birds built spired joy
 that grew from clutching ground
 to certain flight as I saw
 against blank sky trees
 not crosses chipped with nails
 from human fists clenched
 in proud defeat.

rose, rain-slaked, and greeted
 giftless, newborn life from
 incessant death.

—Kay Stripling



THE SAND DOLLAR

If the time should come
 When all were final shell
 Coated hard against
 An onrushing sea
 Which wears thin and broken,
 Brittle with beauty;
 But colors with her own shades.
 Changing as the everchanging
 Such time would be—
 The soft-foam joy of sea
 And color glinting in summer sun.

—STS

ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE

a play by Connie Bazemore

SETTING: The main room of a small town jail somewhere in America—there is a scarred pine desk up left, piled high with papers and unopened letters. Behind the desk there is a huge bulletin board covered with posters. Up center there is a dilapidated lavatory with wastebasket under it overflowing with crumpled paper. To the right of the lavatory is a door with a small barred window. On the doorpost hangs a ring of keys. The walls are dirty gray.

The audience is seated at tables around the playing area. From the back of the room two men dressed in police uniforms approach a table where a young woman is sitting quietly, waiting for the play to begin. The men lead her to the stage. One holds her arms while the other knocks on the door. A face appears; then the door opens. The jailer comes out and addresses the girl.

JAILER: You have been expected. We received your papers yesterday, and they are being processed.

EURYDICE: Now? Then there's no stopping it?
JAILER: None, I am afraid. It is a hard law, but it is the law. I have my orders.

(The girl begins to cry softly. The Jailer motions to the two men behind her to take her away. Just then a young man seated in the audience stands up.)

ORPHEUS: Wait a minute. You can't take that girl away. She hasn't hurt anyone.

JAILER: Please, young man, this is a play. Sit down and watch; this does not concern you.

ORPHEUS: Just what are you doing to that girl? She doesn't want to do what ever . . . I mean after all, buddy, this is a free country; she has rights.

JAILER: This is a play. Please understand my situation. I have orders. Now if you will sit down again . . .

ORPHEUS: And if I won't. What would you do if I rewrote your precious play? You can't destroy her for no reason. (He steps into the stage.)



JAILER: Destroying her for no reason? You are obviously an intelligent man. I ask you—should not lawbreakers be punished? Is that not the law? She violated the law and she must be punished . . . justice.

ORPHEUS: Justice? She was sitting quietly at that table, not bothering a soul and your goon squad dragged her up here. Whose version of justice.

JAILER: My dear young man, please. There is no need to become heated. I am sure that we can explain everything if you will step over here. (He scratches through the papers on the desk.) We receive so many papers in this office; it really is more than one man can handle—what with the detailed reports required with every case—for the files, you know. Ah, here—Eurydice, age-27, sex-female, height-oh, you are not interested in that. Yes, offense—ran a sign explicitly commanding her to stop: time, 9:45 am, January . . . Well, the report continues.

ORPHEUS: Ran a Stop sign? And you dragged her in here for that? You're out of your mind. What's the fine? I'll pay it if she hasn't any money.

JAILER: That is not possible—there is no fine.

ORPHEUS: Then let her go.

JAILER: You do not understand, do you? She has broken the law.

ORPHEUS: So? What are you going to do? Lock her up for the rest of her life for running a Stop sign? What kind of crackpot are you anyway? Now, let me pay her fine and let her go!

JAILER: And what is your interest in her case?

ORPHEUS: Well, I . . . I just don't like to see

some nut railroad an innocent person . . .

JAILER: You mean that you want to help her.

ORPHEUS: Well, yes, if I . . .

JAILER: Impossible, I am afraid. You do not understand the particulars of the case.

ORPHEUS: The particulars? What's to understand? The girl ran a Stop sign, for which the normal punishment is a fine.

JAILER: No fine has been set.

ORPHEUS: Then set one!

JAILER: I am sorry, only the Judge can set a fine. Albert, come empty the trashcan. (One of the policemen comes from the back room and picks up the several pieces of paper that have fallen out of the overflowing trashcan. He carries the pieces back into the other room.)

ORPHEUS: When will the Judge set a fine? Can't you call him or something?

JAILER: You may call him if you like. I have his number somewhere . . . yes, here.

ORPHEUS: May I use your phone?

JAILER: No, I am expecting a call. Please use the pay phone.

ORPHEUS: The Judge, huh? All right. (Dials number. The phone on the Jailer's desk rings.) Hello?

JAILER: Hello?

ORPHEUS: May I speak to the Judge?

JAILER: He isn't in right now.

ORPHEUS: Well, when do you expect him back? (He turns and sees the Jailer talking.)

JAILER: I could not say. He has not been in for several years.

ORPHEUS: What . . . what are you doing?

JAILER: Talking to a gentleman on the telephone, do you mind? Hello? Hello?

ORPHEUS: Why didn't you tell me this was the Judge's office?

JAILER: Would you have believed me?

ORPHEUS: Why can't I get a straight answer from you? Are you all crazy or something? You say words, but you don't make sense.

JAILER: Do you see these stacks of reports? I process each one thoroughly as far as I understand the case, which is farther than you can possibly understand. Thank goodness I am not bothered with some well-intentioned fool on every case. I would never get any work done.

ORPHEUS: Judging from that mess, I'd bet you never work anyway. Those papers must be twenty years old. Do you ever finish a case?

JAILER: All in due time. One cannot be hasty in matters as serious as these—not where the law is concerned.

ORPHEUS: The law! You're holding a girl for a minor violation for which you won't set a fine or let her go—what kind of law is that? She has a right to be free, doesn't she?

JAILER: Your freedom is very precious to you, is it not?

ORPHEUS: Yes, more precious than my life. And no one . . .

JAILER: More precious than your life. Then I understand you to mean that freedom for all is more important than one life. That is what you said?

ORPHEUS: Now you can't just decide who's going to die for freedom. You have to go by the law.

JAILER: Oh, yes, the law. Freedom under law

then is more precious than any one life. Or have you changed your mind? You don't seem to be sure of what you believe.

ORPHEUS: Now, just a . . .

JAILER: The law as stated in our Declaration of Independence says that all men are created equal—they are equal in the eyes of the law. Do you agree, yes or no?

ORPHEUS: Yes, I . . .

JAILER: Good, then the law must be completely impartial in its punishment regardless of the person. After all, one life is not as important as freedom under law.

ORPHEUS: Yes, I think . . .

JAILER: Young man, either yes or no. You can be of no help if you don't understand the basis of law. I did not think that you could understand, but you must soothe your guilty conscience by involving yourself in another person's life. Now pay attention.

ORPHEUS: All right. I follow you.

JAILER: Do you? No matter. Either the law is observed or it is broken. It is broken. Either the offender is set free or he, excuse me, she is punished. She is punished. Either she is punished according to the law or she is not. She is punished according to law. Do you understand? The law says that all men are equal before the law; therefore everyone must be given the same punishment.

ORPHEUS: But, the crimes are different. Murdering is not the same as running a Stop sign.

JAILER: I only obey the law—it makes no provision for those who run Stop signs, only for those who break the law. I knew you wouldn't understand. You never will. You

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understand little of your own mind. That is dangerous for everyone else; one can never tell what you might do. Dangerous . . . (He moves toward the young man.)

ORPHEUS: Stay back, don't try to threaten me. You're crazy. This whole office is insane. I'm not leaving without that girl. (He lunges for the Jailer and knocks him down. He scrambles after the ring of keys on the doorpost.)

JAILER: Albert! come here.

(The policeman opens the door and stares at Orpheus.)

JAILER: Empty the trashcan. (The policeman picks up the papers that have fallen from the overflowing trashcan and closes the door.)

JAILER: Those keys will not do you any good. They fit no locks in this building. Besides, the cells are not locked.

ORPHEUS: Then we're leaving.

JAILER: She won't go, not with you. She will not understand.

ORPHEUS: Of course she will.

JAILER: That a stranger saw her distress and is risking his life to help—she will understand that?

ORPHEUS: I thought she would. When I saw her, I felt some sort of emotion, of kinship in humanity, I suppose.

JAILER: Kinship? Human? Who gave you the right to meddle? You bumble in and try to take her away from the law. You will never take her away, never! There is no such thing as kinship. Ah, you cannot understand. Do you hear me? You cannot ever understand what you see, let alone what you think you feel. You cowering wretch with the overblown ego. You think you are

wise enough to understand all?

ORPHEUS: No, but I want to help . . .

JAILER: How do you know that you would not take her out to a worse fate?

ORPHEUS: But I couldn't stand by and let her suffer. I am human.

JAILER: Bosh! That overflow of emotion is just indigestion or a guilty conscience. You probably did exactly what she did and just haven't been caught. Is that it? Come on, tell the truth—a guilty conscience.

ORPHEUS: No, no, you don't understand . . .

JAILER: Nor do you, so why not leave?

ORPHEUS: Leave? without helping? No, you can't make me believe that I'm not really concerned. You can't make me as crazy as you are. If I can't take her away, at least I can die with her. I'll be a constant reminder of the absurdity of your law. People will think of me and laugh in your face. You can't stop me.

JAILER: You can't even do that. Men wouldn't understand. They would call you insane.

ORPHEUS: No, they would . . . they'd think . . .

JAILER: You cannot sacrifice yourself for another. Even that is denied you. I told you that you would not understand the particulars of this case. You will understand if your case ever comes up. Until then, there is nothing you can do.

ORPHEUS: Nothing? Even my life will not do?

JAILER: Even your life. She would never understand.

ORPHEUS: Isn't there anything I can do?

JAILER: Yes, you can wait. (He returns to his desk leaving Orpheus on the edge of the stage. Orpheus steps back into the audience and walks to his table.)

..-----..



Far and far, my love
Beyond where sight would care to go,
Time rushes on
In the warm and ebony-feathered flow.

Dark for light
Warmth for pain
Joys for love
And nights for rain.

Give me these, dear love
Paid and not a penny more
All saved and hushed
Kept away, bright in the heart's store.

—STS



So full of myself
and the too-blue sky
and the over-green grass
merry-go-rounding
faster and faster
Overawed at simply breathing.
From across the horizon
Something clutches my heart
and squeezes
And I think I'm going to burst
for I can't contain myself.
Around me they plod on,
Unaware
While I stand screaming
at the rapture of just being.
Wishing I would explode
and disgusted at this slow leak.

—Bebe Ferrell



deception

Wrapped over by
the hot wool of waiting,
by knitted strands
of sleep and waking
dreams, he stands
beneath the glassy light
of streets at night.
And night brings hope
in recurring thoughts
that crowds coming
scarved in private warmth
down gray blocked streets
contain those hands
whose ivory fingers like
spindles helped to weave
the cloth but
left the last thread dangling
sharply cut.

His eyes are hooded spies
as faces pass enclosed
in frost of mingled breaths.

No face leaps out,
no chiseled stare, and
signing anxious breath
on frozen air, he turns
his back to winds
that blow the city
chill with hissing scorn.

But streets are humming
strings that echo notes of
glass touched glass over
hands clasped on linen
tables in flickering light.

And flecks of paper
blown by gusts are notes
from anguished mornings
when sunlight trickled
infinite patterns on
wooden floors.

Receding backs leave
blankness under pressing skies
while on his darkened face
the lights dart mottled wounds.
He turns away to pace
the littered streets till dawn.
His steps are rasping lies.

—Kay Stripling

T. S. ELIOT: A TRANSFORMATION

FOREWORD

Here I offer a collection of short stories to show the transformation in T. S. Eliot between "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock" and *The Cocktail Party*. The stories, for the most part are based on lines from his poetry. They contain only a small part of what he believes, but I chose this theme because I believe in it also:

We are all essentially alone,
But this does not deny communication
Of the truth that is in us.

lhb



Sifting columns of moonlight streaked the forest. The wind moved the branches and nodded the leaves, dappling shadows on the aqualine features of the man sitting beneath a tree. He lit a cigarette, briefly lighting the darkness with the mechanical match of his civilization, then blew it out, noting the onrush of crisp blackness as the flame disappeared. As he raised the cigarette to his lips he noticed that the flame had been

transferred. He wondered if it were not the fire of his own being at his fingertips, burning so alone in the huge forest of black and white moonlight. He inhaled and suddenly the small pinpoint of fire became desperately important because it was himself and he was burning away.

A cricket chirped, scraping his dry legs together, and the man thought, "If there were anyone to speak to, that is all we could say." And he crushed the cigarette into the hollow bowl of the tree.

*"There is certainly no purpose
In remaining in the dark
Except long enough to clear
from the mind
The illusion of ever having been
In the light."*

—2—

The audience applauded loudly (Because it was proper) for the pianist, who had been playing Bartok. The people rose and gathered into small secure groups for the reception. As they drank Russian tea and nibbled cheeses, snatches of conversation were heard: "Extraordinary control . . ." "What do you think of the stream of consciousness in . . ." "Have you heard about Marilyn's operation . . ."

The intensity of the sonata hung in the air as the pianist gathered his music and started for the stage door, eager for a breath of clean night air and a cigarette.

"Please wait," said a delicate voice.

He sighed, turned, and was immediately lost in the green sky behind the eyes of a gaunt young woman with swinging hair and a pale mouth.

"I have never heard those last pages played with such honesty."

That was the beginning. Many performances were played through her warm eyes. It always seemed

that he played reality which they shared and which to the audience was only illusion. He would climb many flights of stairs to see her and talk of music and the World. Then they would commit these things to elusive memory and make love. They did not look for the words to speak of their love; it was enough to find the unspoken in his music, and they were content in their cocoon world.

After a long time of communicating thoughts, loving, giving and taking, the steps began to be harder to climb, and their talks of the world became bitter and at last they lived in silence. But he continued to cling to what they had made reality because he felt the nothingness that life meant without her. Even though more and more frequently he would look into her eyes and find vagueness and what seemed to be an uncomfortable feeling of guilt or sin. It frightened him, so he would pass the feeling she had given him out of his mind, thinking it his own imagination.

One fragile night as they made the love that had become almost the only remnant of their unspoken world, he looked into the green sky of her eyes to see the loving reality of her. There was only an infinity of nothingness.

*"The eyes are not here
There are no eyes here . . .
Between the Idea and the reality . . .*

Falls the shadow."

*"BUT THAT IS NOT WHAT I MEANT
AT ALL"*

—3—

The long sandy beach turned a cool beige in the sunset, and waves made the long shallow rolls that are the destiny of every wave.

They sat on a green towel, silently watching the sun plashing color on the sea. They had not spoken for some time, as there was never anything really important to say. They

"So this is it," she thought, "The Sanitorium."

The low lying hills were misty in the haze of morning, and in the stillness one could almost hear God speak. But she did not hear. She felt only the closeness of the translucent sky, a soft silver grey only somewhat lighter than the hills.

"But I don't know what to do here. Last night I was so alone, having lost the illusion of communication with him. I wonder what there was, really, to communicate? Ourselves? We are nothing but human, and that is nothing to communicate."

The light changed subtly, as if a small cloud had idled over the rising sun, darkening the fusion of earth and sky. Blending and weaving the pastel colors, the mist settled closer

to the ground. The mauve heather was blurred, the hills of the distance seemed beyond infinity.

"Sir Henry told me that I must make a choice. To go back to what I was yesterday and never regret the feeling that something more than humanity was in me. Not to feel guilty at never having found whether it was an illusion of reality or not. But what was the other choice? He never said. I suppose that is the reason I am here now. But what can I do here? Only be? There are no books, only this small house in the middle of nowhere. I wonder if I am allowed to walk in the hills—the fog looks so wet and solid, so close to the earth . . ."

She began to walk, her gaunt body only a shadow among the scolding hills.

"I don't suppose I will ever know why he left me, or even where he's gone. But he didn't know why his music sounded the way it did, only that it was ecstasy to play it. I think his music was why I loved him. But he and his music were not the same thing. No, they were, too, it was just that he did not know it."

She walked on, never thinking that she might lose sight of the house and not be able to find it again. She moved unconsciously, shoulders bowed, not noticing that the veils shrouding the hills had begun to stir, and that a fragile breeze had begun to blow gently over the earth. The blending colors began to take shape, the hill showed faintly green.

"He liked my eyes. He always said that he could see the sky behind them. Then was the night we came in off the beach and went to bed, and the next morning he was gone, just like that. I guess it never would have worked anyway. Not after I found that whatever it was that made Bill his music, he did not understand. And since he didn't understand it, I



5 MAR 2-5-66
L. MARCHMAN

couldn't either. Just mundane humanity was all he believed in. But I can't believe that. Then life wouldn't be worth the risks we have to take. Humanity isn't all there is to reality. He proved that when he played the piano.

Walking on into morning, she noticed that at last the mist was stirring, but not rising.

"That is the only thing moving," she thought. "Is this some world of timelessness, where things move neither backward nor forward?"

The waiting stillness began to be oppressive, and she walked faster, frantic now for some sign of life. Scrambling over the top of a hill she stopped short. Below her stood a tall angular man. He had his hands in his pockets and seemed to be intently studying a tiny flock of sheep grazing in the misty valley beneath him.

Tension fell away from her in one long breath, and she ran down the hill to meet him.

"What are you doing here?" Her first spoken words did not break the stillness, but seemed to continue it.

"Waiting. And guarding." He indicated with his hand the small flock. "Sit down."

"Thank you. I assume I was supposed to find you here. Something had to happen. I was beginning to think I was dreaming; that this morning I was walking in was not real at all. There was nothing living in it."

"Do living things make it real?"

"Of course . . ." She stopped, remembering her thoughts of an hour before. "But why, when I was living in a world of human beings, did I not feel that it was real? It was only human insects chattering away, saying meaningless things and thinking they were communicating. I suppose it was real insofar as I was aware of living with the insects, but I seemed to be the only conscious being in it.

It was terrifying, the loneliness . . . And then there was Bill, and I thought that I had found someone else conscious, but he wasn't. We shared something, though. Neither of us knew what it was, but I knew it was there. He didn't believe in it, and therefore didn't regret not finding it. I don't know why I should, but I feel guilty at not having found it . . . If what I lived in was real, and I think it was, I do not want to go back to it. Humanity is ugly even if it is real."⁵

She turned to look at his face.

"But you know all this, don't you?"

The wind disturbed the shifting veils, changing them to wisps and tatters; it was almost impossible to believe that moments ago they had seemed impenetrable. The sun absorbed the remnants; the quiet and violent colors of the earth took their final shapes, and waited. As he spoke, the stillness also changed, and began to listen.

"Humanity is real, but it is ugly only if unconscious of what is within it. This thing within it is what you are searching for. You shared something in common with this man. Had you seen it before?"

"Yes. But it was not until Bill came that I was so aware of it. Before that I was just young, rebellious and flying off at everything just to get something done; searching, but I didn't know what for. Now I feel it so close, in me. It is infinite and . . . absolute."

"It is necessary for some people to run to the hills in search of the infinite. Look at me."

She searched his eyes. "Truth. May I call it God?"

He smiled. "Has it ever been anything else? You are ready, now, to return to the world."

"But why may I not stay here, and remain at peace?"

"You will always remain at peace. But here you can do nothing with

your knowledge."

Rising slowly to her feet, she said, "You are right. Here I can only be. In the world I can do. I am to send those like me to you—to become a guardian, so to speak. But I do not know where I am. Where is the little house?"

He pointed. "The path you took here is well worn, and you will have no trouble in following it back. Those you find who are like you were this morning, you will send to me. Look about you. There are many."

Turning to go, she paused for a final look into his eyes; into the infinite truth of the God they shared. Then, squaring her shoulders, she began to ascend the path on the hill.

*"Suffer us not to mock ourselves
With falsehood
Teach us to care and not to care
Teach us to sit still
Even among these rocks,
Our peace in His will
And even among these rocks
Sister, mother
And spirit of the river, spirit
of the sea,
Suffer me not to be separated
And let my cry come unto thee."*⁶



NOTES

1. *The Cocktail Party*; Act II; Sir Henry Harcourt Reilly
2. "The Hollow Men"
3. "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock."
4. *The Cocktail Party*; Act II; Sir Henry Harcourt Reilly.
5. *The Cocktail Party*; Act II, Celia Copplestone. This speech condenses Celia's feelings.
6. "Ash Wednesday"



Kneeling in an elfin cathedral
 In the clear, high stratosphere of God
 I pray for the loneliness that is man.

And for morning, in pre-dawn
 When grey covers the earth
 In soft, chill unconsciousness.

To evening in October, when golden light
 permeates even the smallest of animals.

And for you, who are violent in your
 searching.

Red the color, violet is
 your light in the cathedral.

We fly over the earth
 a spectrum of light and color.
 I in my blues and greens
 And sunlight moving across
 a forest floor.

You in reds and violet
 with passionate intense dignity
 walking in the muted fire of God
 and original light of us.

But each, in the night, kneeling
 in different
 solemn cathedrals.

—lhb

ON A PAINTING IN HINTON LOUNGE

*Towering with indolent sweeping branches up and over
And dripping down like rain-wet willow, down to stroke
The lazy stream, down with long, long lovely limbs,
Down to brush aside the leaves trailing its fingertips in coolness,
Sending sensuous quiverings through the tender under edges.
Long arching branches murmur with secret delight
And spread their greenness—swaying, blending, streaking, twisting,
browning, yellowing, falling—over the vertical, very
perpendicular shack,
boarded of worn
weather-warped
weary planks rising
irregularly
from the ruined
mound that raises
the shack above the placidly flowing stream:
strange to think of that stream ever*

*swollen and angry,
rushing,
roaring, falling,
tumbling over the
banks, tearing away
the soil, beating the
props under the
shack, rotting them
away until now only stumps
tell of the ravages and quiet
decay, flaking away the wood
splinter by splinter, streaking
the sagging sad solitary shack
with slow unnoticed time,*

*slowing down the flowers
around the shack, slowing
down the upward shooting
of the tree and bending
it back to the mound of decay,
slowing down the pulse of earth
that sent the stream tumbling
under the shack, slowing
even decay . . . a flake . . .
another . . . until . . .*

* * * *





only the small-stirring stream
meandering gently between
the roots of water weeds
growing along the edges
and creeping over a pad
where tiny water frogs
hide in the day,
flowing, floating,
wandering, winding
along, rippling,
lapping contentedly at the
mossy edges,
nuzzling the rich
black silt, pushing
the shore gently with
its shoulder,
spreading itself like a
watery mirror to catch
broken images,
reflections
of green leaves,
of warped gray planks,
a clump of weeds,

a tattered drift of cloud
shimmering
shivering
with the
gentle
touch of
shadows
as real as the arching branches . . .
the shack of decaying boards . . .
. . . or the stream, flowing softly through
the dying landscape.

—Connie Bazemore

SUNDAY SONG

The lonely ending
drags herself so slowly to a close
As if to torture or tease, maybe.
Nothing to do but reflect, and
that grows old after an hour.
A crummy sick feeling invades your stomach .
And there's so damn much you know you should be doing
And there's never anyone else around
and its usually raining.
Your room grows dark
You don't even bother to light it
You watch the clock and wish it would hurry
so you could rationalize going to sleep.
But deep down you hope it won't end,

—Bebe Ferrell

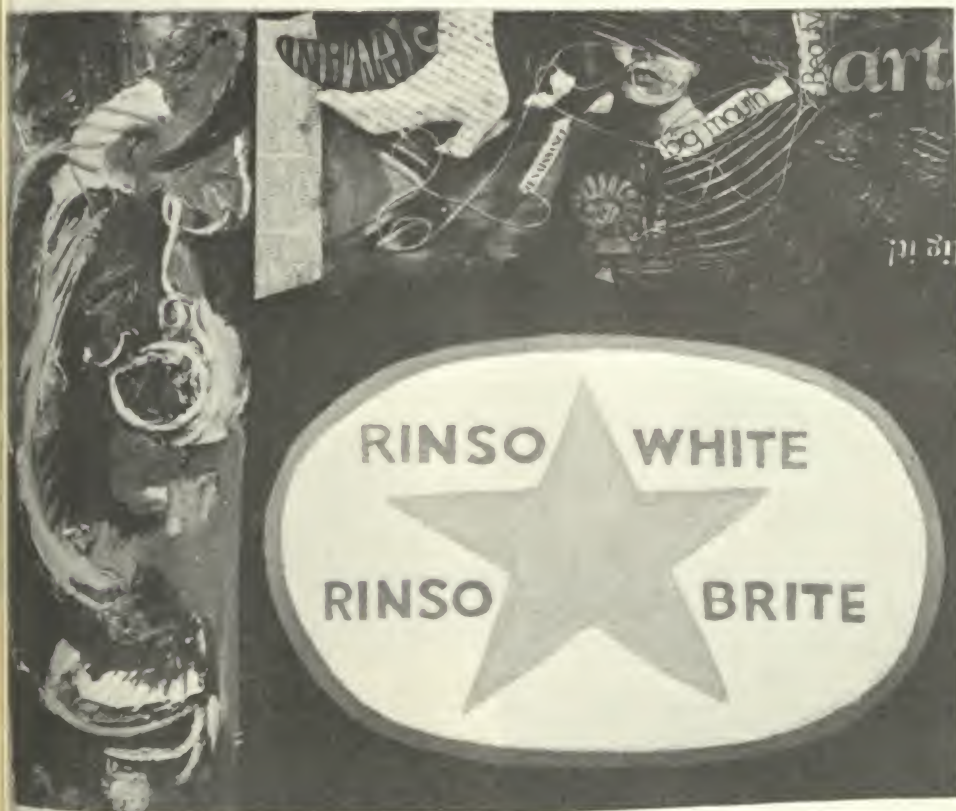


INVITATION

Come help me step the road in half.
Join walking thoughts to mine in flush
Of tree-grown love that, swaying, laughs
With grass-stained palms in screening brush.
Let my lips wreath leaf-wet
Breaths into garlands of petaled air.
Come sign careless covenant to let
Autumn sun bring warmth for us to share.
I would have you make me tall
With you in high branched Fall.

I would have you make me all.
And yet you would not come.
Afraid to leave your certain calm,
A mute god you sit and carve stone sighs
From marble gloom, your eyes a home
For stretching walls and cloud-scrawled skies.
You leave me baffled, leaf blown,
Led by darkened doubts to run
Lost in thickets of your briar creased frown,
An unsure goddess looking for the sun.

—Kay Stripling







COMPARTMENTALIZATION

Deepening touch

Bares itself.

Rhythms unsung

Heed the hungry heart.

The words untold

Form the look that holds.

Quickening questions

Blaze to warmth,

Creating care

That strips need bare.

So bare, the mind aches

For the heart's silence.

—STS

THE TEMPTRESS

Night,

soft-armed,

blue silk clad,

hides her cunning

smile.

—Kay Stripling

THE CASE AGAINST AGE

What more can I say to you
Who wish me to say nothing
Of age and birthdays and
Time I see you find worthless,
Gaining minimum of pleasure and
A treasure of pain?
You want me to talk only of
A non-stop train to that green will-o-the-wisp
Youthland, and here I am, a kid
Living in that famed Halloween Youth
And I see that there is no joy in it!

What more can I say to you aged
Who, inbetween chronic coughs
Pick at some senseless inspiration
To go on living on the tip of your tongue
Which hangs out red with thirst
For a christ you know nothing about
But some gossip story crossed with
A gospel story inbetween two
Ten minute sermons on money or love?
What do I say when year after year I've heard
Ten minute spot consumer interviews
Limited to a watched watch type of
Congregation-preacher association—
Sermons on why you should observe birthdays
Between the ages of 49 and 65—
Heard so much that I can recite that psalm
To all who need to know
Why men are "happier," that is,
Go on living and make it to that
Glorious end if they
Dunk their doughnuts in
Black, sugarless coffee and
Swallow nerve pills faithfully.

—Louise Marchman

sanctuary

one believe me,
there is no one.

one in the world who understands
the involvement
that I dive into
so, deep
beneath into
with you and under the skin
of the peoples of the world.

laugh at slander,
and laugh
and laughing
behind the backs of nobodies
and they do not care
and care
and caring
under the skin of nobodies
and they do not care.

—Louise Marchman



